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THE
HEIR OF ABBOTSVILLE.

A Poem,

IN FOUR CANTOS,

ON

MEN & MANNERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

TOGETHER WITH OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER.

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P R E F A C E .

PERHAPS there is no art more difficult than the cultivation of literature ; where the obstacles are more numerous, or where the attainment of sterling reputation is fraught with those disadvantages which too frequently prove insurmountable barriers to a young author. Mark—I say a young one ; and for this reason,—though a man may possess talent, though he may evince much genius and ability, these will avail but little ; for unless he has some friend in the publishing world who will bring his name before the public, he must either publish himself, or the chances are, ere a publisher deigns acceptance, the moths will

have consumed his manuscript, for while, on the one hand, he who has attained eminence is almost worshipped by the class alluded to; so, on the other, one unknown to fame is treated with coolness and apathy.

Now I trust the introduction of the above remarks will not lead my readers to suppose I have been actuated to express my sentiments either from private pique or any other petty personal consideration; such a conclusion would be erroneous; I speak of that body, not individually, but collectively; not of one, but of all; and therefore trust no misconstruction will be placed thereon.

The first of the following poems has been written with a view of depicting real life—to point out the abuses of the age, its follies and its foibles; how far I have succeeded will be for the reader to determine. It has been written, by sundry scraps at all

seasons ; thoughts imbibed during the day frequently not committed to paper till night. Thus I have laboured under some disadvantage ; nor should I thus early have been induced to lay my humble efforts before the public, but for the importunities of many private friends. The minor effusions need no comment, they will doubtless speak for themselves ; and that the whole may, in the absence of greater merit, serve to wile away a tedious hour, is the earnest wish of

THE AUTHOR.

London April, 1846.



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THE

HEIR OF ABBOTSVILLE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

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SPIRIT of Poetry ! thy aid I ask,
Thy smile I woo, to consummate my task.
Guide thou my footsteps through thy tangled maze,
Smile on my efforts, and assist my lays.
The Muses' temple is my earnest aim ;
Within their shrine I fain would place my name :
Such is my wish, and such my fond desire—
To this one goal my ardent thoughts aspire ,
To paint anon, in vivid colours clear,
Life as it is within this lower sphere.

Smile, then, fair Genius, round me weave thy spell,
While I of men and manners seek to tell.

If man review the retrospect of life,
The varied change with which 'tis ever rife,
The alternate hour of sorrow and of joy,
The bliss that grief but seldom fails to cloy,
The pleasing dreams which o'er his brow have play'd,
Ere cherish'd hopes by time have been decay'd ;
If mem'ry turn unto those bygone days,
When nought but pleasure met his youthful gaze,
When nought arose to cloud his pathway fair,
When angry passions found no refuge there,
When love and joy and happiness entwined
In blissful union around his mind ;
If man recur to these, and then revolve
Within his mind the cares which oft devolve
On riper years,--the frequent grief, the pain
Which proves to real bliss an endless bane,

The many hopes that destiny denies,
The world's deceit, hypocrisy's disguise,
The cup of woe he oft is forced to drain,
The endless strife that e'er appears to reign
Within man's breast, usurping virtues fair
Which otherwise would hold dominion there,
And the cold look when low'ring clouds appear
In threat'ning form to crush his whole career,
The freezing glance each eye appears to shed
Where'er adversity attempts to tread,
The torpid apathy, the cold disdain
The world evinces in the hour of pain ;
If man indulge reflection such as this,
And then revert to that fair state of bliss
To which by Providence 'twas once design'd
The human race should ever be consign'd,
Till man's imprudence caused the mournful fall,
And by his crime brought misery on all ;
If he compare in this reflective strain,
That former state of bliss, and this of pain,

I ween compassion will draw forth a sigh
For man, who fell from an estate so high ;
I ween the tear will scarcely be suppress'd,
I ween that sorrow will his soul invest,
To think man's fault caused real bliss to flee,—
To think that sin should harbour misery,—
To think what life indeed might once have been,
Save but for that, a truly blissful scene ;
Man would his pristine glory have retain'd,
And in the image of his Maker reign'd ;
He like the angels would have lived on high,—
But now, alas ! man is but born to die.

Where'er we turn, in ev'ry land and clime,
How plain appear the ravages of time ;
Where'er we gaze, where'er our footsteps tread,—
If 'mong the living or the mould'ring dead,—
If in the courts of palaces we stray,
We find they are not proof against decay,—

If in the city or the dazzling town,
If 'mong the monuments of proud renown,
If in the hamlet or secluded vale,
If in the forest or the woodland dale,
It matters not,—the eye in ev'ry place,
Where'er it turns, Time's mighty hand can trace.
Man cannot stop, or check its onward course,—
He cannot lessen or increase its force ;
No art of his its potent arm can stay,
For over all alike it holdeth sway.
Thus do we see, in ev'ry rank and grade,
When time decrees it, man must also fade ;
Thus e'en by Providence was it design'd,
To paint a moral picture for mankind ;
Thus we perceive the end for which 'twas given,
To turn the heart of man to God and Heaven,
To purge his soul of noxious passions free,
And thus prepare him for eternity.

With thee, my muse, I fain would now repair
To rural scenes, where all is bright and fair ;
Remote from sorrow, where no turmoils reign,
But all beams happiness devoid of pain ;
A verdant spot, with many a charm replete,
Far from the world's false glitter and deceit ;
Where nature, clad in garb of sunny green,
Imparts a radiant beauty to the scene ;
Where hill and dale alternately appear,
And many a lake of crystal water clear,
Whose limpid streamlets scarce appear to flow,
Save when the soft and gentle zephyrs blow ;
Where flow'ry meads luxuriantly fair
Diffuse a fragrant perfume thro' the air ;
Where snow-white lilies raise their lofty head,
Where flow'rets spring beneath the trav'ller's tread ;
Where, rich in ev'ry tint, the fragrant rose,
The perfumed eglantine, and woodbine grows ;
Where the shy deer in sportive gambols play,
And all the sweets of liberty display ;

Where feather'd warblers nimbly hop along
From branch to branch, and chant their tuneful song
From dawn of day until the close of even,
Free as the breeze that fans the face of heaven.
Such are the charms that shine resplendent here,
That meet the trav'ller's gaze both far and near ;
Such are the beauties of this blissful scene,
Where life appears a paradise serene ;
Such is the spot where vision doth reveal
The lofty turrets of fair Abbotsville.

A noble lord possess'd this wide domain,—
A man whose simile you'd seek in vain ;
One who had mingled in the busy world,
On whom the spleen of scandal had been hurl'd ;
One whom, 'twas said, had in his younger days
Mix'd much in pleasure's too alluring maze ;
One who'd rank'd high in fash'nable renown,
Whose deeds had form'd the gossip of the town.

At which I ween few men will wonder, since
He was the boon companion of a prince
Whose name with all that's evil is allied,
Who as a debauchee both lived and died ;
With whom, in fact, he spent one half his time,
With whom he mix'd in revelry and crime,
With whom he join'd in scenes of wanton mirth,—
Scenes that were far more fit for H—ll than earth.
Such was Fitz-Errol in his younger day,
Till time caused youthful follies to decay,—
Till God cut short that Royal Rake's career,
Who died unmourn'd e'en by a nation's tear.
'Twas then remorse inclined Fitz-Errol's mind
To better deeds ; thus, leaving vice behind,
He quitted London's gay, licentious town,
The amphitheatre of his renown,
To drown those pangs of conscience he might feel
Amid the fairy charms of Abbotsville ;
And there he led, apart from worldly strife,
A happy, quiet, and secluded life. . . .

There he abode in that delightful spot
Till all his former follies were forgot ;
There he essay'd, and with success, to find
A balm to ease his conscience-stricken mind,
To soothe the wound that with compunction bled,
And o'er the past oblivion to spread.

Behold the means successfully he tried,
To turn his path from vice to virtue's side ;
We find him here—still in the prime of life—
Become a Benedict,—for he a wife
Had wed, a lady of exalted birth,
Possessing virtues of intrinsic worth,
With whose fair charms of person were combined,
A noble, gen'rous, and accomplish'd mind.

Such was the bride Fitz-Errol made his own,
Before the altar of Jehovah's throne.

Fair was the day, serenely broke the dawn,—
Sol shone resplendent on that happy morn,
On which the lord of Abbotsville, with pride
Led forth his lovely and devoted bride.

Shall I now sing of hours quickly flown,
When morning's light to ev'ning's shade had grown ?
Nay, here I'll pause,—near hallow'd ground I tread ;
It is not meet to sing of hours that fled
In bliss elysian. Fair modesty would spread
Her all-concealing mantle o'er the nuptial bed.
Here, then, I'll pause ; enough for me to say,
That both were happy on their bridal day ;
Both felt those joys the married state imparts,
Both felt its witcheries, and both its arts ;
Yet little thought they in that blissful hour,
How soon misfortune would upon them lour.
Aye, little thought they, ere a year should flee,
One would be summon'd to eternity ! .
Yet such is life, and such the common doom ;
Thus hopes are crush'd, and buried in the tomb.
Well 'tis for man that vision cannot see
The dreary aspect of futurity.

Scarce had a fleeting twelvemonth past away
Since Abbotsville with happiness look'd gay ;
Scarce had the winds of hoary winter fled,
Scarce had the vernal spring display'd its head ;
Yet in that time, within that little space,
How great a change th' enquiring eye might trace.
No more, alas ! did Abbotsville look gay,
No more did joy upon each feature play ;
Gladness had vanish'd, it would even seem,
Like to the fleeting fancies of a dream ;
Clouds in the heavens, threat'ning from afar,
Had dimm'd the brightness of the morning star ;
Fond hopes were blighted, cherish'd visions fled,—
Fitz-Errol's bride was number'd with the dead !
Alas ! she lay within the clay-cold tomb,
E'en as a flower blighted in its bloom.
With tears he mourn'd her, and with secret grief
He mourn'd those bygone hours of bliss so brief;
One solace only could his anguish find,
One balm alone to heal his wounded mind ;

'Twas in that little pledge of mutual love
The mother left below when call'd above,—
In that fair charge, committed to his care
By her he loved ; for 'twas her last fond pray'r,
To guard with anxious eye the treasure given,
Till God should summon him to her and Heaven.
No wonder then that he found refuge there,
When gazing on its little brow so fair,
He fondly fancied that his eyes could trace
The mother's features in the infant's face.
No wonder that he mark'd with watchful eye,
Its ev'ry movement and its ev'ry cry ;
Or that his bosom should affection feel,
Or that he should in adoration kneel
Before that God, who in his mercy mild,
When death cut off the mother, spared the child.
Love for the mother would alone impart
Paternal feelings to a father's heart,—
Love for the mother, who had quitted earth
In giving to her little offspring birth,—

Love for the mother, who, in beauty's dress,
Departed in the garb of loveliness,—
Love for the mother, who, in maiden bloom,
Descended to the narrow confines of a tomb,—
These would have fanned affection in his breast,
Had aught been wanting to impart a zest ;
But other causes made his bosom feel
An ardent love, which words can scarce reveal ;
His ev'ry look, his ev'ry act implied
A father's feeling, and a father's pride.
In that fair child he saw his future heir ;
No wonder then that he found comfort there ;
No wonder he a father's love should feel
For that young babe, the Heir of Abbotsville.
The infant child thus launch'd on life's rough wave,
Was christen'd "Edward," o'er his mother's grave.
It was a solemn, yet a mournful scene—
Though one in life which is too often seen,—
One being is lower'd to the clay-cold tomb,
Another usher'd in the world to bloom ;

Yet such is life,—composed of bliss, of pain ;
Now all is joy,—now all is rent in twain.

Time onward roll'd : I must not linger here,
On ev'ry hour of childhood's fleeting year :
Enough to say, that Edward knew no care ;
Life was to him a pure Elysium fair,
Free from all turmoils, void of worldly pain ;
While bliss around him ever seem'd to reign.
Here must I pause ; for filmy clouds conceal,
In chaos wrapp'd, the Heir of Abbotsville.

THE
HEIR OF ABBOTSVILLE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Comparison between the rich and the poor—The pride of birth ; the noxious tendency thereof. The landed aristocracy of England ; cursory glance at prohibitory duties on Corn, also on the Game Laws ; illustration of the baneful effects of the latter—Self, the general feature of the landowner ; what the nation otherwise might be—Time recalls the imagination to Abbotsville ; its rural charms in bygone years ; the village sports upon a summer eve—Helen the fairest maid of Abbotsville ; her youth, her beauty, and her maiden charms—Her companion ; a stranger to fame, although the child of luxury, recognised as Edward St. Aubin, heir of Abbotsville. His long and ardent attachment towards her—Night veils the village green in darkness ; departure of the village train—Edward leading Helen through the vale of Abbotsville ; declares his love to her ; the reply—The parting scene—The first farewell—Concluding remarks on Canto the Second.

COMPARE the wealthy with the lowly poor,
The noble's mansion with the cot obscure,
Contrast the splendours that attend the great
With all the ills that on the humble wait ;
The rich, who have no single wish denied,—
The poor, whose daily wants are scarce supplied ;
They who possess extended meadows fair,
With they whose portion is the desert air ;
Survey them both, and thou wilt plainly see
The bad effects of *inequality* !

With wealth and honour springs the pride of birth,
Pride which is ever found to reign on earth,
Which dwells within the noble's haughty breast,
And seeks his better feelings to molest ;
Taught from the cradle to despise the poor,
Taught to oppress the humble and obscure,
To spurn and crush them 'f offence is given,
And cast them helpless on the winds of Heaven.

Can they the wealthy owners of the soil,
Know what is labour,—they who never toil ?
Can haughty dukes, in luxury array'd,
Know half the ills in poverty display'd ?
Or in their ardour as the farmer's friend,
Would some a *curry tonic* recommend ?—
In truth they would not, nor would they maintain
Those cursed imposts laid on foreign grain.
Would they debar the poor from being fed,
Would they deprive them of their daily bread ?

If they but felt that all for all was given,
They surely would not tax the bread of Heaven,
Or seize that peasant with a patriot zeal
Who traps a pheasant for his children's meal,
Then cast him pitiless within the jail,
Where crime and immorality prevail ;
There in that Pandemonium of sin,
Forsake the wretch amid temptation's din,
Within that vortex to abide his time,
Till he comes out a felon old in crime.
Tow'rds home he turns, but what a change is there—
No wife appears—no smiling children fair—
No kindly voices greet his list'ning ear ;
All is forsaken, desolate and drear.
He seeks his friends, but with averted eye
They heed him not, but coldly pass him by.
'Tis plain they will not own his friendship now,—
A felon's name is branded on his brow.
His wife—his children—all he loved are dead !
No place has he to rest his aching head.

The parish poor-house is the wretch's doom,
Save that he has no home except the tomb.
Thus 'tween the two ere long he doth decide,
And to his code of crime adds suicide.
Such are the scenes that daily life supplies,—
Facts that transpire devoid of aught disguise ;
Pictures too true for any to deny,
That hourly pass beneath the nation's eye.
Yet such is man,—the autocrat I mean,—
Self will not let his better part be seen ;
Its venom fastens on his very soul,
And seems his only stimulus and goal ;
If but his heart to charity were given,
If he but ponder'd on the will of Heaven,
Sordid self-interest would disappear,—
No cry of want would fall upon the ear,—
The noble's fame would echo thro' the land,
And in the shrine of future ages stand ;
His name the peasant ever would revere,
His name would ever to their hearts be dear,

Yet stay, my feelings I must here conceal,
For time recalls me back to Abbotsville.

Time bids me now my wand'ring steps retrace
Back to the beauties of that fond-loved place,
Where oft in childhood's gay but fleeting hour,
I've linger'd in the woodland grove and bow'r,
With gladsome heart, and spirits light as air ;
For I in childhood knew no grief or care.
Thus would I in imagination steal,
And gaze once more on lovely Abbotsville.
Again I'd sing of charms that linger there,
Again I'd gaze upon its pastures fair,
Again I'd linger in that once fair spot,
And tell of pleasures past, but not forgot ;
Again I'd mingle in the village throng,
Again I'd listen to the rural song,
The tuneful lute, the playful timbrel gay,
As thro' the blythesome dance I led the way ;

Once more I'd join, as erst in hours fled,
With they who now repose among the dead ;
Thus would I fain revert to days of yore,
Days that have vanish'd to return no more.

Some few short summers back, at that still hour
When nature, deck'd with many a varied flow'r,
Diffused around in harmony serene
A genial verdure to the rural scene ;
When Phœbus slept unseen by mortal eye,
'Neath the horizon of the western sky,
And many a peasant homeward bent his way,
To seek repose after the toilsome day ;
When village maidens deck'd in gay attire,
Went forth to greet each fond returning sire,
Or favour'd swain they seem'd by chance to meet,—
But whom in truth they sought intent to greet,
To lead them forward to the village green,
To taste the pleasures of that blissful scene,

Where lads and lasses as the noonday fair,
Tripp'd gaily on, devoid of grief or care ;
Where many a lute in harmony was strung,
And many a song in melody was sung ;
Where many a jibe and many a jest went round,
And nought but joy and happiness were found.

'Twas thus that I, upon an eve like this,
With others mingled in its varied bliss ;
When, as I gazed upon the village train,
Mine eye met one I ne'er shall see again ;
In form so fair, so exquisitely made,
Outvieing all a sculptor e'er display'd,
Possessing charms in loveliness array'd
More rare than artist's pencil e'er pourtray'd ;
A village maiden, fairer than the morn,
In thought more pure than infant babe unborn.
Her eyes—so brilliant, of a sparkling jet—
Diffused effulgency where'er they set,

Her flowing ringlets, of a raven hue,
Like to the twining honeysuckle grew,
Extending even to her bosom fair,
Clustering round in varied ringlets there ;
And when she smiled, upon her cheek arose
A tint more lovely than the choicest rose ;
Her ev'ry movement tended to display
More than imagination can convey.
Fairer than Hebe deck'd in beauty's dress,
She seem'd the very type of loveliness.
Such was fair Helen, loved where'er she went,
Tho' not the daughter of the opulent :
Where'er she turned, on her kind faces smiled,
Tho' but a lonely widow's only child ;
Caress'd by all around the village plain,
And oft the theme of many a woodland strain ;
So pure in heart, replete with filial love,
She seem'd more suited for a world above ;
While, in the rural valley where she dwelt,
Vice was unknown, compunction never felt.

By all admired, and designated there,
Helen the fairest maiden of the fair.

While thus I gazed, beside her might be seen
A youth of manly brow and noble mien,
Who led her thro' the village dance with glee,
Seeking no greater notoriety ;
Alike a stranger to the path of fame,
He view'd the rich and lowly as the same ;
He sought not honour in the world's renown,
He envied not the coronet or crown,
Nor little cared for all the pomp and pride
Which to the son of luxury's allied ;
Who, tho' the scion of a noble line,
Seem'd willing wealth and title to resign,
If but his footsteps could but tarry near
The lovely maid his bosom prized so dear.
He sought no higher object to attain,
Save but from her a pleasing smile to gain ;

Nor e'er repined, if but his eyes could steal
A glimpse of Helen of fair Abbotsville.

I knew him well from infancy till now,—
Misfortune ne'er had lighted on his brow;
To him life's path had ever been serene,
No threat'ning clouds had frown'd upon the scene;
His morning star shone brilliant as the dawn,
His op'ning course was fair as summer morn;
On him Dame Fortune hitherto had smiled
And mark'd him as her own especial child.
Thus unto thee in him would I reveal,
Edward St. Aubin, Heir of Abbotsville.

I mark'd these twain as ev'ning glided by,
I mark'd each action with an anxious eye,
I mark'd them tripping thro' the giddy throng,
I mark'd them list'ning to the rural song,
I mark'd the joy upon his face pourtray'd,
I mark'd the modest blush her cheek display'd,

Whene'er their eyes each other's features met,
Or when their gaze upon each other set.
Thus ev'ning waned, and night was drawing nigh,
While many a star illumed th' effulgent sky ;
The village pastimes now were at a close,
And nature slumber'd in serene repose ;
The peasants homeward had their steps inclined,
The green appear'd to solitude consign'd ;
No sound was heard, no murmur in the air,
But night in stillness reign'd supremely fair.
Anon the harvest moon illumed the sky,
Diffusing lucid brightness far and nigh,
When, as I gazed, its silv'ry rays reveal'd
What ev'ning's veil had hitherto conceal'd.
Methought that all had left the village green,
But lo, St. Aubin's form might still be seen,—
Yet ling'ring not alone, for at his side
Stood Helen the fair flow'r of eventide,
With whom, towards the vale his steps he bent,
Indulging love's soft converse as they went ;

For Edward, pained by Cupid's fatal dart,
To her confess'd the passion of his heart,—
To her he told that secret of his breast
Which long had rack'd and broke upon his rest,—
To her he vow'd, whate'er his fate might be,
Unchanging love and lasting constancy.
Thus did St. Aubin advocate his suit,—
Then came a pause, and all was still and mute.
Alike forgetful of the waning hour,
They linger'd in a verdant, shady bow'r.
And thus in silence moments glided by,
Until St. Aubin press'd her to reply,
When hectic blushes outwardly display'd
The innate feelings of the village maid,
Around her lovely face extending o'er,
Which made her look more beauteous than before.
Awhile she paused, then breathed a fond reply,
When at the instant, softly murmur'ring by,
A gentle zephyr trav'lling on its way,
Caught up the sound and bore it far away.

Whate'er it was, although unheard by me,—
To all on earth save one a mystery,—
It matter'd not, for I could well descry
Its purport graven in St. Aubin's eye.

Then came the parting, and the fond embrace,
With lip to lip and face inclined to face ;
'Twas then St. Aubin felt ethereal bliss,
When first he printed on her lips a kiss ;
'Twas then his heart felt all that ardent zeal
Which such a moment ever doth reveal.
Anon they pledged eternal lasting troth,
And mutual vows were interchanged by both.
Yet here I'll pause, on this no more I'll dwell,
For they who've linger'd under Cupid's spell
Need no description of a scene like this,
For they have doubtless tasted of its bliss.
They who have loved are conversant full well
With all comprised within a first farewell !

Thus then they parted, each with joyful heart ;
For little thought they, joy would soon depart ;
Alike unconscious of the care and strife
With which man's earthly pilgrimage is rife,
They little thought that wintry clouds were nigh,
To darken o'er their vernal sunny sky ;
They little thought that happiness would flee,
And leave them helpless in adversity ;
They little thought that fondest hopes would fade,
Like to a flower blighted and decay'd ;
In bliss imaginary both reclined,
While tow'rds each other ev'ry thought inclined ;
As yet with doubt their breasts had ne'er been rife ;
And thus in hope they linger'd :—such is life !

THE
HEIR OF ABBOTSVILLE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

The morning of life : its happiness compared to that of maturer years—Similitude of man—Youth ; the first disquietude—Love ; its chequered course and varied tendency—Abbotsville—St. Aubin ; the cloud that occasionally settles o'er his brow—Helen ; far different her transient happiness—Suspicion enters on Fitz-Errol's mind—Rumours reach him of Edward's intimacy with Helen—His anger thereat, and firm resolve to ascertain the truth—His encounter with the lovers, whom he comes on unawares when seated in the trysting bower—High words ensue ; Fitz-Errol upbraids his son, and desires him to leave Abbotsville an outcast for ever, or instantly repair to college—Edward's choice guided by Helen—Her noble disinterestedness for his future welfare—St. Aubin's reply—Fitz-Errol quits them—Night draws near—The lovers part ; their last adieu—Departure of Edward for Oxford, and concluding remarks on Canto III.

WHEN man is young, ere life begins to dawn
In all the brightness of a summer morn ;
When peace and happiness appear entwined,
In amity and union combined ;
Ere fitful fancies lure the youthful head,
Ere transient visions hover round the bed,
Ere man discriminates 'twixt hope and fear,
Ere joy and sorrow in their turn appear,
Free from those passions which in anger ride
In after years o'er life's maturer tide,

Void of those clouds which but too often mar
The brilliant rising of the morning star ;
Then is man's life from every turmoil free,—
A transient dream, that lacks reality.

Like to a flower fashion'd to adorn,
In size expanding with the op'ning morn,
In form, in beauty, tending to display
Creation's miracles in bright array ;
Or like the off-shoot of the blooming rose,
Which day by day in greater beauty grows,
Until at length th' observing eye may see
It open forth in full maturity ;
E'en such is man, when childhood fleeting by,
Declines, like Phœbus, 'neath the western sky.
When infancy succumbs, and disappears
Amid the charms of manhood's riper years,
Then man shines forth by heavenly decree,
In semblance fashion'd as the Deity.

There is a charm, a talisman, forsooth,
That lurks around the sunny path of youth;
Those who were youthful, those who are, must know
The thoughts with which the heart is wont to glow,—
Those blissful hours when love was at its height,
When fond expectancy gave forth delight.
Few can forget, while mem'ry's ties remain,
Those joys, once vanish'd, never felt again ;
When seeds implanted in the heart,
First bore the fruit of nature, not of art ;
When they display'd, in rich and varied hue,
Full many a flower to the human view ;
When they presented to the eye, defined,
The sev'ral passions of the human mind.
Few can forget, when from its latent bed
The tender passion first display'd its head,
When they became, they scarce knew when or where,
The fond admirer of some object fair ;
When hope and fear by turn their place resign'd,
When each alternately reign'd in their mind.

Can man be callous to the spell of love,
Which first destroy'd, then raised his hopes above
The pinnacle of fear, and sank to sleep,
Calm in his bosom as the stillsome deep ?
Most must have felt that charm—some more—some less,
Which here gives pain, and there gives happiness.
Oh ! that the spell that passion doth impart,
Ne'er foster'd sorrow in the human heart ;
So fair a virtue in the bosom born,
So often causing wretchedness forlorn !
Would that it were not to alloy e'er given,
Then might we hail it as a type of Heaven !

Thus, even thus love's chains appear'd to steal
O'er youthful hearts that dwelt in Abbotsville.
Time onward sped, the lovers often met ;
As yet they knew not sorrow or regret.
St. Aubin loved,—by love he was beguiled,
For Helen ever on her Edward smiled.

Thus both were happy, free from ev'ry pain,
As though nought e'er could rend their love in twain ;
Thus then they linger'd, tho' at times, 'tis true,
O'er Edward's brow distrust her mantle threw.
A kind of transient vision in disguise
Would now and then before his eyes arise,
A whisp'ring monitor, which seem'd to say,
Ere long his happiness might flee away.
Anon, again, when sleep his eyes would close,
The phantom still disturb'd his calm repose ;
For Edward felt, if but his father knew
The stem on which his future prospects grew,—
If he imagined that his mind was sway'd
By her, the fair but humble village maid,—
He felt, he knew he would oppose his choice,
Nor deign to listen to affection's voice ;
He felt, he knew he would at once disclaim
And spurn that son who bore his father's name ;
He felt, he knew his proud, capricious views,
Would all approval of his choice refuse,—

Would mar the dreams in happier moments drawn,
And leave his prospects blighted and forlorn.
With Helen all was happy ; young and fair,
She knew no fear, experienced no care ;
Still, though so young, yet was affection's zest
Than his more deeply planted in her breast :
In him, St. Aubin, all her hopes were placed,
All other thoughts seem'd from her heart erased.
In love more fond, her youthful soul would soar,
And hover near the being she did adore.
So proved the sequel, when in after years,
Joy turn'd to sorrow, gladness into tears ;
When mem'ry vanish'd, and could e'en forget,
And absence caused no sorrow or regret.

Suspicion, ever busy, ever rife
With grief and pain, dread harbinger of strife,
That lurks in each dark crevice of the mind,
And sheds its baneful mantle o'er mankind ;

That makes man revel in another's pain,
And o'er the frailties of his fellow reign ;
That plants its venom in the human breast,
And lulls our kinder sympathies to rest ;
Would that thy tongue were otherwise inclined
Than sowing discord in the human mind,
Than blighting dreams we indistinctly see,
And casting shadows o'er futurity !
But such is man, and such the common lot,—
Where scandal reigns, sincerity is not.

Rumour had whisper'd in Fitz-Errol's ear,
A warning sound of fast approaching fear,
Which told him Edward would ere long destroy
Those hopes he fondly deem'd without alloy ;
That time's strong arm would hasten to decay,
Those dreams which now shone lucid in array.
Thus, on a certain day, as evils oft betide,
Fitz-Errol miss'd St. Aubin from his side ;

And as he ponder'd somewhat ill content,
He seem'd to have a strange presentiment.
Misgiving stole upon his troubled breast,
Distrust and doubt his inward man possess'd.
As thus he sat, his look at once defined,
'Twas Edward's absence occupied his mind.
Thought he,—can scandal's busy tongue, forsooth,
Have utter'd in reality the truth ?
Can I give credence—shall I be so bold,
To place reliance upon all that's told ;
On all that passes o'er my troubled brain,
That seems to sever cherish'd hopes in twain ;—
Nay, can it be, that I have been so blind ? —
The thought itself ne'er enter'd in my mind,
That he, my son and heir, hath e'er display'd
Undue attention to this village maid.
Yet stay, reflection,—I'll at once allay
All rising doubts that in my bosom play.
Thus sad in heart, in mind oppress'd and weak,
He went the object of his search to seek.

Here will I leave him for awhile, to tell
How round the lovers Cupid weaved his spell.

'Twas ev'ning, at that fair, enchanting hour,
When lovers hasten to the fav'rite bow'r,
When joy and happiness illumines each face
As they approach the usual trysting place ;
Where mutual vows are given and received,
Where all that's utter'd is in truth believed ;
At such a time, at such an hour as this,
In all the ecstacy of perfect bliss,
St. Aubin with the village maid reclined
Where jessamine and honeysuckle twined,
Beneath whose branches they appear'd to me
More like a painting than reality.
Their theme was love ;—each in low whisper spoke,
When on their ears intruding footsteps broke.
St. Aubin turn'd, and, much to his amaze,
His father's features met his wond'ring gaze.

Yes, 'twas too true—it could not be denied—
There sat the maid, reclining at his side ;
Anon occur'd upon that cherish'd spot
A scene which memory hath ne'er forgot :
Fitz-Errol swore, with feelings deeply shorn,
And cursed the day on which that son was born.
Fair Helen nestled in her lover's breast,
E'en as a bird takes refuge in its nest ;
While Edward gazed with calm and placid mien,
Unmoved and unaffected by the scene ;
Until again upon the silence broke
Fitz-Errol's voice, who thus in anger spoke :
“ I swear unless my mandate be obey'd,—
Unless you henceforth quit this village maid,
You shall from Abbotsville an outcast be,
A victim to the pangs of penury ;
And I all cognisance will hence disclaim,
Nor own that son who bears St. Aubin's name ;
All kindred ties I swear I will deny,
And pass thy claims to future honours by ;

Thus will I leave thee to thine own despair,
No more to Abbotsville the envied heir.
And here he paused. St. Aubin heard the threat,
When gazing round, his eye fair Helen's met ;
And as he looked upon her features fair,
He read her innate feeling graven there ;
Then as he press'd her closer to his heart,
She whisper'd,—“ Edward, for thy sake depart.
'Twere best thy father's mandate to obey,—
His will is mine—I pry'thee do not stay ;
For know, thy future welfare is to me
More dear than worldly pomp or pageantry.
Though once, indeed, I deem'd my Edward mine,
His father wills I should that love resign ;
Though once I thought futurity implied
That I should be St. Aubin's happy bride,
Fate wills it otherwise,—it must not be ;
Love vaunteth nothing, 'tis my destiny.”
St. Aubin's brain in tumult seem'd to whirl ;
Transfix'd, he gazed upon the noble girl,

Who urged compliance to her fond request,
Then sunk o'ercome upon his throbbing breast ;
Her cheeks came wan,—no more was roseate hue,
But death-like white, presented to the view ;
Nature lay prostrate, all her functions fled,
She look'd less like the living than the dead.
So matters stood when Edward, undismay'd,
Unto his father's ear his thoughts convey'd.
Said he,—“ Since, sire, it hath become thy will,
I must succumb, and thy commands fulfil ;
And though 'twill cause me much regret to feel
For Helen's sake, I'll leave fair Abbotsville.”
Such were the words that rose from out his heart,
Which pristine love alone could e'er impart ;
The potent spell which o'er his bosom play'd,
His adoration for the village maid.
'Twas these alone that made him take that path
By which to palliate a father's wrath ;
It was but natural he should adore,
For now he loved who ne'er had loved before.

Hope in expectancy arose above,
Around the chaos of his maiden love.
Men are but human, and more oft they see
Life as a vision, than reality.

Fitz-Errol left, and Edward heaved a sigh,
As watching Helen with an anxious eye,
Whose reason gradually appear'd to dawn,
And break in splendour thro' the hazy morn ;
When e'en anon her loveliness to grace,
A smile illumed her fair and beauteous face.
Fond vows were made beneath Jehovah's throne,—
Vows that have since into oblivion flown ;
And then in converse full an hour was spent,
Until the curfew's sound a warning lent,
When 'mid regrets, too great for me to tell,
The lovers parted, and exclaim'd Farewell !

Old Time sped on, and many a long day fled,
While filmy chaos o'er my vision spread.
Edward left home, a student to explore
That celebrated seat of classic lore,
Where the clear streams of Isis softly glide
From bank to bank with each alternate tide ;
There was he placed in Alma-mater's arms,
And found ere long a college life had charms.
So strong did they upon his feelings steal,
That he grew callous e'en to Abbotsville.
There will I leave him, and repair again
To her whose bliss caprice had snapp'd in twain.

THE
HEIR OF ABBOTSVILLE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Absence the cause of regret—Abbotsville ; Helen—Oxford ; cursory description thereof—A college life ; its baneful influence over St. Aubin—Helen's sorrow thereat,—Edward's majority : departure from college and advent in London—The pleasures of the season, in which St. Aubin revels—Husband-catching in the higher circles—St. Aubin becomes blaze ; meeting an old friend, Lord DeVere, is by him induced to enter a certain Pandemonium—The result —An habitué thereto—On a certain night thus engaged he receives intelligence of the sudden illness of his father, and summoning him immediately to Abbotsville—His delay ; the consequence, a quarrel ; a duel, and his own death—Interment of the body at Abbotsville, with that of the Earl, who expired ere his son's corpse arrived—Helen—On the eve succeeding the Poet visits the tomb, when he desires Helen approach and kneel beside the grave in prayer ; appearing to totter, ere the Poet's hand can save, she falls a corpse upon her lover's grave, a victim to disappointment produced by paternal caprice—The moral—Concluding remarks to the reader.

Who hath not felt, who may not e'en feel yet,
The pangs which absence yieldeth of regret ?
Who hath not known alternate hope and fear,
When far removed from those we cherish dear ?—
I ween but few whose breasts with fondness glow,
Or in whose hearts affection's streamlets flow.
Thus, then, in common, did fair Helen feel
Regret when Edward quitted Abbotsville ;
She little thought that time would make her rue
That love of his which now she deem'd so true.

And thus she linger'd in her maiden prime,
While onward flew the hasty hand of time.

I'd now repair, as I was wont of yore,
To that fair seat of ancient classic lore,
Where I have often, 'mid its faiery maze,
Pass'd many hours of childhood's early days.
Again I'd gaze upon the op'ning scene,
The antique bridge*, the lofty Magdalene †,
Or stroll to Christchurch‡, or St. Peter's tow'r, §
Or in the meadow¶ pass the ev'ning hour,
Where, softly stealing o'er th' enchanting scene,
Fair Isis glides in harmony serene.
Here would I tarry, for its walls conceal
My heart's fond care, the Heir of Abbotsville.

* Magdalene bridge, a pretty specimen of ancient architecture.

† Magdalene college.

‡ Christchurch college.

§ Supposed to be upwards of a thousand years old, the oldest church in the city.

¶ Christchurch meadow, a place of favourite resort.

It seems, the college that St. Aubin chose,
Was one which ev'ry Oxford scholar knows ;
Above whose portico appears in view,
A huge proboscis of a brazen hue,
From which, some wags imagine, thence arose
The name the college goes by—*Brazen-Nose*.
Two years had vanish'd over Edward's head,
Since he from Abbotsville a student sped ;
In which short space, although you'll deem it strange,
The hand of time had wrought a mighty change.
Each classic gem lay useless on its shelf,
For those who chose to study—not himself ;
His pastime was, to hie to Blenheim Park,
There spend the day, and finish with a lark ;
At night returning, full of boist'rous glee,
Indulge his fancy in some hoyden spree,—
Let loose the cattle in the neighb'ring field,
Or e'en, perchance, if to his strength 'twould yield,
Unhinge the toll-bar, carry it away,
And thus divest the tollman of his pay ;

Or, as he pass'd the tavern near the town,
Reverse the sign, and turn it upside down.
Such are the pleasures, if they such can be,
That reign within the university.

While thus St. Aubin wiled his hours away,
To Abbotsville I would thy thoughts convey ;
There would I place thee for awhile, to scan
That lovely face which is so pale, so wan ;
There would I place thee, to observe that brow,
So fair but yesterday, so clouded now ;
There would I place thee, by fair Helen's side,—
Poor, faded flower, once the village pride,—
To mark the wild expression of that eye,
The vacant look with which it passeth by,
Imparting tokens of a mind distress'd,
That plainly told the heart was ill at rest.
In hope, her heart, her ev'ry thought was set,
Until she heard that Edward could forget ;
Oppress'd, she wander'd thro' the valley now,
With settled melancholy on her brow,

Where oft she'd roved with youthful, girlish glee,
And pictured visions of futurity.

No more were beauty's lineaments display'd,
As once they were, upon the village maid ;
Her varied charms were fleeting fast away,
And she, deceived, was pining to decay.

About this time, on reference I see,
St. Aubin came to his majority ;
When he, it seems, was by an aunt's behest
Entitled to a somewhat large bequest ;
And so, no more dependent on his sire,
He sought to gratify each new desire.
With gladsome heart, and spirits light as air,
To Leeds' gay town he hasten'd to repair,
Where, you must know, such is a lord's renown,
Scarce had he even been a day in town,
Before the *Post* announced with usual zeal,—
Arrived at Farrance's—Lord Abbotsville.*

* Title by courtesy.

Anon the news of course instanter spread,
That he was rich, so busy rumour said ;
Anon fond mothers pictured prospects fair,
And built their empty castles in the air.

'Mong these was Lady Kersey, whom we find,
In such manœuvres seldom is behind ;
She has a daughter, one left out of three,
Named Emmentina,—of celebrity ;

Whose sister Larah, but a few years since,
Wed Huskehazey, a poor German prince ;
The other, Madela, I much suspect,
There are but few who cease to recollect,

Who lately figured as the self-willed lass
At Gretna-green,—it was a comic farce.

Thus Lady K——, though some indeed might scoff,
Imagined Emmentina would go off.

But stay, ere this I ought to have implied,
At this time Madela was not a bride.

So Lady K——, with much consummate skill,
Essay'd to mould our hero to her will.

But ere the bird was captured in the snare,
The net gave way, and left him free as air.
Thus, tho' p'rhaps at my simile you'll laugh,
It shows birds are not always caught by chaff.
The London season now was at its height,
When Edward revell'd in each new delight ;
About which time, the newspapers report
His presentation to the Queen at court.
And henceforth he by all was look'd upon,
In lordly circles, as a man of ton,
Thus in each *salon* he appear'd to be
The central object of its brilliancy ;
His absence seem'd all merriment to mar,
And ladies christen'd him the Evening Star.
For you must know, he always had at hand,
Some ready pun or *bon mot* at command.
And men of wit, and sparkling repartee,
Are always courted in society.
At Almack's also he was seen to shine,
A frequent vot'ry at the op'ra shrine ;

Or, I should rather have observed before,
Th' attractive magnet was in Terpsichore.
Yes, there he'd sit in rapture ev'ry night,
And hail *la premiere danseuse* with delight ;
With eager eye each classic group survey,
And praise each *tableau vivante* they'd display.
Thus, like the bee that flies from flow'r to flow'r,
So Edward sought new pleasures to devour.
Friends he had plenty, such as e'er are found
Wherever wealth or fortune's smiles abound ;
Whose friendship, like unto a fragile flow'r,
That speaks of promise in the summer hour,
Yet when the winds of winter o'er it play,
It fades, declines, and vanisheth away.
About this period, it would appear,
He met an old acquaintance, Lord De Vere ;
Who had, it seems, but just arrived in town,
Where he already had achieved renown.
Like most young men, De Vere was rather gay,
But, more the pity, he was given to play.

Induced by him, St. Aubin enter'd in
A certain Pandemonium of sin :
Fortune smiled graciously, he went away,
The winner of a thousand pounds at play.

Now mark what follows, and eschew the evil
That ever falls on those who serve the devil.

One night he sat with eager, watchful eye,
His ev'ry thought seem'd centred in the die,
The fiend appear'd his very soul to clasp,
He held the dice-box ready in his grasp,
When, at the instant in his hand was placed,
A letter, mark'd from Abbotsville—in haste.

He tore it open quickly, read it through,—
Its purport here I will unfold to you.

'Twould seem 'twas written by Fitz-Errol's will,
Who'd somewhat suddenly been taken ill,
And growing worse, an old and valued friend
Advised that he should for St. Aubin send.

Such was the letter, which on having read,
Said he, “ To-morrow I will thither sped,

To-night I cannot." On his game intent,
Such was the message he in answer sent.
Hours like moments now were fleeting past,
And night to twilight was dissolving fast ;
Still, still he ran the hazard of the die,
When by mischance he gave a friend the lie.
Retract he would not ; though De Vere essay'd,
He vow'd to Heav'n he would not retrograde.
Thus matters stood, and cards were interchanged ;
A challenge given, place and hour arranged.
And both departed, each his sep'rate way,
To wait the coming of returning day.
Twilight soon broke—it was a summer morn,
In nature's charms creation graced the dawn.
All look'd bedeck'd in garniture anew
As I approach'd the place of rendezvous ;
The birds chirp'd sweetly on the hawthorn-tree,
And calm as Heaven all appear'd to me.
The clock chimed six, when close to where I stood,
Up drove a carriage thro' the neighb'ring wood.

'Twas Edward, and his second, Lord De Vere :
Quick follow'd by another in the rear,
Which brought the *roue* and a friend as second,
With whom De Vere anon the distance reckon'd.
Awhile the seconds spoke, and then De Vere declared
That all was ready ; thus, both being prepared,
The sign was given, and the *roue* fired,—
St. Aubin fell and instantly expired.
Before De Vere could hasten to his side
His soul had vanish'd,—thus St. Aubin died !
And by his fate we learn this truth sublime—
“ Procrastination is the thief of time.”
The corpse, still warm, was hurried up to town,
And hence as speedily 'twas taken down
To Abbotsville,—ere which, without a groan,
Fitz-Errol's spirit to his God had flown.
Anon, of course, the bodies lay in state
In all the splendour that attends the great,
And then were buried. Thus may mortals learn
From whence they came they hence must all return.

Pause here awhile—reflect, in one short day,
A son, a father, both were call'd away ;
The one just in the zenith of his prime,
Cut off as 'twere before man's usual time ;
The other, full of years, in ripe old age,
Call'd to perform his last, long pilgrimage.
Thus will their fate another truth unfold,—
Death shows no diff'rence 'tween the young and old.

Poor Helen ! one sad task remains for me,—
It now behoves me to return to thee.
Would that I here could let my subject stop,
Would that I here could let the curtain drop.
My heart would do so,—but it must not be ;
'Twould mar my aim, thy fate's publicity.

The fun'ral past, the day declined to night,
Soft blew the breeze, the moon shed forth her light,

When tow'rds the tomb I bent my mournful way,
One last fond tribute of respect to pay ;
And as I gazed upon the turf-green sod,
And raised a supplicating pray'r to God,
Methought that seven years that night had flown
Since Edward had his sentiments made known ;
Just seven years the very night, the hour,
Since he confess'd his love in yonder bow'r.
And as my eye essay'd the spot to trace,
A maiden form seem'd gliding from the place.
Approaching nearer, by the moon's bright light
I saw 'twas Helen, clad in snowy white.
Conceal'd I stood, in wonderment entranced,
As she towards her lover's tomb advanced.
I watch'd her there, as 'mid intense emotion,
She knelt before her Maker in devotion.
Thus pass'd some moments—then I mark'd her rise,
And looking stedfastly towards the skies,
Before I e'en could stretch my hand to save,
She fell a corpse upon St. Aubin's grave.

Thus perish'd Helen ! may she rest in peace,
The victim of an autocrat's caprice.

Thus ends my poem, if you've read it through,
I would, kind reader, say a word to you.

The world is oft too ready to condemn
Mankind,—alas, too ready to contemn.

I do not tell thee whence my subject came,—
From truth or fiction,—that is not my aim.

To you the point is open to decide,
To profit by the moral that's implied.

Caprice too often proves a noxious bane,
That severs human happiness in twain.

Thus, to the world, to say if false or true,
The poet leaves his offering.—Adieu !

H Y L D A,

A

L E G E N D A R Y P O E M

OF

W H A R F D A L E.

THE LEGEND.

Eight miles from the city of York formerly stood a convent for nuns of the Cistercian order, contemporaneous with which was a monastery at Acaster-Malbis,—whose several inmates, tradition relates, had access to each other. On the eve of St. Mark, the lady abbess had summoned the archbishop from Caywode to chant high mass, to set at rest the wandering spirit of sister “ Hylda,” which for seven years had so haunted the convent and valley, that the peasants, in fear, had fled. Midnight came; the curfew brought all to their several stations; the archbishop was already before the altar; all were in the act of simultaneously raising their voices to heaven, when loud knocking resounded from the outer gate. The portress told her beads and crossed her breast, and with difficulty opened the door, which seemed as it were to deny admission to the stranger, when the dim light of a flickering taper revealed the figure of a Palmer, clad in weeds of penitence, who related to the portress, his pilgrimage. A short time elapsed, and as he was concluding his history, the curfew again tolled, and the portress hurried him to the chapel, to take part in the holy ceremony. But scarce had he entered ere the earth quaked, and the elements seemed arrayed against each other; when the figure of Hylda appeared, and laying bare her breast, displaying a deep wound therein, she exclaimed,—“ In me behold sister Hylda, ruined, then murdered by the Palmer; in him behold Friar John. I died unconfessed, and till now have been doomed to purgatory; but now I go to my rest. Anon she vanished, and with her the Palmer, who was ne’er seen more.

OLD TRADITION. *See Shaw’s Wharfdale.*

H Y L D A .

LIST, list, my muse, I fain would soar
In thoughts ideal to days of yore ;
In fancy's car I fain would sail,
And chant the beauties of Wharfdale,
Then pry'thee smile, oh fair Verbeia,
Vouchsafe my fragile bark to steer.
I'd first repair to famed Caywode,
Where once the ancient convent stood,
Or hence depart, through tangled maze,
And on fair Selby Abbey gaze ;
From thence to Caley Hall p'rhaps stray,
And gaze upon the vale's display ;
To rural Leathley then wend on,
The nunnery at Arthington ;

Or if, indeed, 'twere in my pow'r,
At Harewood spend a quiet hour.
Yes, there would I in fancy stray,
And to Wharfdale present my lay.

Of the past I sing, of a legend wild,
A tradition well known to man and child.
Let those who doubt or discredit my tale,
Go and ask the peasantry of Wharfdale.
Where now the grass luxuriant grows
There Appleton's cloisters formerly rose.
So tradition reports, and though false or true,
The legend I now will unfold to you.

Wharfdale, 'tis said, some centuries back,
Was haunted both night and day,
By a wand'ring spirit veiled in black,
That to Heav'n had lost its way.

The peasants, scared, from the valley fled,
And left it forlorn and bare :
No sound was heard save the wild beast's tread,
Or the owlet in the air.

Whose was the spirit that thus expell'd
Each peasant from his dwelling ?
And what was the cause that thus impell'd
The Wharfe in anger swelling ?

'Twas the shade of one who long had dwelt
In Appleton's sacred walls,
Who before the Virgin's shrine had knelt,—
'Tis she who for justice calls.

And thus upon the eve of St. Mark
The abbess this notice gave,
That mass should be sung that night at dark,
Lost Hylda's spirit to save.

Night soon arrived, and the curfew's toll
Bad each one thither incline ;
Caywode's archbishop, in sacred stole,
Appear'd before the shrine.

And Acaster's monks were also there
In solemn convocation,
Prepared to raise their voices in pray'r
To heav'n in supplication.

Anon at the portal sounds were heard
That nigh rent all in sunder,
While the portress knelt, and ere she stirred,
Began her beads to number.

Then she oped the door ; in grey weeds clad,
On the step a Palmer stood ;—
In tremulous fear, like one half mad,
She demanded what he would ?

The thunder roll'd and the lightning glared,
The night blast roared as the sea,
When op'ning his lips, he wildly stared,
And exclaim'd,—“ Pray list to me:

“ I've perill'd my life both night and day,
“ By land as well as by sea ;
“ Yet the tempest's howl or war's array
“ Never yet wrought fear in me.

“ In Palestine, at King Richard's side,
“ And at Acre's dire affray,
“ When the Paynim force our strength defied,
“ 'Mid slaughter I fought my way.

“ Before Jesu's tomb in Palestine,
“ In Italy, France and Spain,
“ I've worshipp'd at every holy shrine,
“ But it hath not eased my pain.

“ As hither I bent my steps this night,
“ At the Virgin’s shrine to kneel,
“ Grim spectres hover’d before my sight,
“ Mid the thunder’s dreadful peal ;

“ The croaking raven my death- knell rung,
“ In sepulchral tones so drear ;
“ The spectre its arms around me flung,
“ And shriek’d these words in my ear :

“ ‘ Grey Palmer, thy bed of clay’s prepared ;
“ ‘ Tarry not, time wanes apace ;
“ ‘ There—with thy fleshless bride to be shared,
“ ‘ Who is waiting thy embrace.’ ”

Thus the Palmer spake : the convent bell
At that instant ceased its knoll ;
Cried the portress, “ Haste, and join the swell—
They pray for a long lost soul.”

Scarce had he enter'd the sacred dome,
Of his future course to learn,
Ere the choir ceased,—all was wrapp'd in gloom,—
Each taper had ceased to burn.

Then a brilliant light illum'd the shade,
By which th' archbishop descried
The death-like form of Hylda display'd,
With the Palmer at her side.

“Grim spectre,” cried he, “why dost thou break
“Our peace at holy prayer?”
When her trembling lips this answer spake,
'Mid agony and despair :

“In me you see lost Hylda the fair,
“By him who stands at my side,
“Ruin'd, murder'd, and left to despair :
“He 's Friar John, I his bride.

“I died unconfess’d ! for seven long years

“Have I roam’d in pain distrest,

“But now thro’ your earnest pray’rs and tears

“I go to my long lost rest.”

The spectre paused—’mid returning light

Sweet melody fill’d the air,—

Hylda was gone—and from mortal sight

The Palmer had vanish’d—where

None could tell ; so the poet, I ween,

Must here conclude their hist’ry ;

For in Wharfdale they were ne’er more seen,

Leaving their fate a myst’ry.

M O R A L .

When Satan shall, in language fair,

To sin in flatt’ring terms invite,

Let man remember, and beware,

That evil deeds will come to light.

THE DREAM.

'TWAS on a summer eve, when all was fair,
And nought but stillness reign'd throughout the air,
When all was hush'd in peace, when all was still,
Save the soft murmur'ring of a gentle rill ;
When nature smiling, happy and serene,
Display'd her charms around the fairy scene,
Where many a flow'r deck'd in beauty rare,
Imparted fragrance to the stillsome air;
When no loud sound of revelry arose,
To banish quietude, to check repose ;
When the great orb that ruleth o'er the day,
Was waning fast, yet shed a parting ray

Upon the plains around, then sunk to sleep
Beneath the noiseless waters of the deep ;
When nought but gentle zephyrs fann'd on high,
And the horizon, as Italian sky
Devoid of darksome clouds, look'd calmly fair,
I wander'd forth alone those joys to share,
And meditate upon that bounteous Being
Who thus display'd his power o'er the scene.
Wandering onwards, I at length reclined
Within a bower where sweet woodbine twined,
And many a flower uncultivated grew,
Which many a tint display'd of varied hue ;
Where gentle warblers chaunt their tuneful note,
In song mellifluent, while I remote
From mirth in that sequester'd spot,
Beheld a vision I have ne'er forgot.
Pond'ring on nature lull'd by sweet repose,
Before my spell-bound soul this dream arose :
Methought within a valley, at that silent hour
When ev'nings filmy shade o'er day asserts its pow'r,

I gazed upon two beings, both young and fair,
Who each of beauty's charms possess'd their share ;
Both were reclining in a shady bow'r,
And in love's converse pass'd the fleeting hour ;
The one a maiden, beautiful and fair—
Possessing charms replete with beauty rare,—
Charms that no tongue could e'er with truth convey,
Beauty that artist's skill could ne'er pourtray ;
So fair, and yet so young, I'd even ween
She scarcely had an eighteenth summer seen.
Her heart was light and buoyant e'en as air,
And on her brow I saw no trace of care ;
Beside her, some few summers older, sat a youth
Whose manly brow and open eye spake innate truth ;
Whose look proclaim'd, whose ev'ry act express'd,
The all-consuming passion of his breast ;
Whose gaze told more than language can convey,
Much more than fondest lovers' lips could say.
Methought, as thus I gazed, the ev'ning fled,
And all was still and silent as the dead ;

And as the shades of night closed slowly round,
And the pale moon was shining o'er the ground,
E'en at that time methought I could discern
The lovers rise, and from the bower turn ;
And then they linger'd, whisp'ring words of love,
Lost 'mid the murmur of the breeze above.
Again their footsteps moved, again they stopp'd,
Again their converse to a murmur dropp'd,
When, as I gazed, methought I could descry
A tear arise within the maiden's eye.
And then they parted, e'en as lovers do,
And in one fond embrace thus bid Adieu !

Thus far my dream seem'd one of real bliss—
Untinged by aught to chequer happiness.

* * * *

'Twould seem that years roll'd on, yet neither met again.
The youth methought had died in grief, in pain :

His early years in martial life were past,
And on the battle-field he died at last ;
Far, far away, remote from all he knew,
His spirit to his Heav'nly Father flew.

The object of his love I saw again.

But she was changed—bow'd down by grief and pain ;
And when I gazed upon her once fair face,
Whence beauty 'd fled and care usurp'd its place,
Methought within my bosom rose a sigh,
That bliss should be alloy'd by misery ;
And as I gazed in sympathy, 'twould seem
That I awoke, and found 'twas but a dream.

WHERE IS TRUE HAPPINESS FOUND?

SAY where is true happiness found ?

Does it reign in the halls of the wealthy and great,

In the palace of kings, where both early and late

Gay pleasure aboundeth, and bliss reigns supreme,

And life ever radiant with joy seems to teem ;

Where luxury dwells, and the scions of fame

Scarce look upon poverty save as a name,—

Who revel in affluence, pleasure, and state,

And bask in those joys that pertain to the great ;

Whose will seems as boundless, unfetter'd, and free,

As the whirlwind of heav'n, or wave of the sea ?

No ! experience has taught me, on looking around,

With the wealthy, true happiness never is found !

Then where is true happiness found ?

Does it lurk 'neath the roof of some hovel obscure,

In the squalid abode of the needy and poor,

In those dwellings of poverty, want, and despair,
Of which ev'ry city possesseth its share;
Where peace and repose are unknown to the mind,
And hunger and famine in league stand combined;
Where industry toils, yet how often in vain,
A scanty subsistence by labour to gain;
Where o'er the young heart care outspreadeth a gloom
That hurries the youthful away to the tomb?
Yet oh stay, let me pause,—for where want doth abound,
'Neath its portals true happiness never is found!

Then where is true happiness found?
Does it reign in some fair and secluded retreat,
Far distant from pride and from worldly deceit,
Where solitude lingers, where strife has ne'er trod,
But man is at peace with the world and his God,
Contented with all that his Maker hath given,
With rhapsody praising the bounty of heaven;
Who sighs not for grandeur, for wealth or renown,
But abides far removed from the dazzling town,

Where the pathway of life, free from briar or thorn,
To the eye of the stranger seems fair as the morn ?
Though here ev'ry pleasure appears to abound,
Truth whispers,—true happiness never is found !

Then where is true happiness found ?
I've discover'd at last—for a voice in my breast,
Whispers, far, far away, in that haven of rest
Where all must repair, both the lowly and great,
And stand 'fore their God at the summons of fate ;
Where peace ever dwells, where ambition's unknown,
In those regions of bliss it abideth alone ;
Where no sorrows arise man's pathway to mar,
But bliss shines resplendent as glittering star ;
In that land which is fairer than any on earth,
The sacred abode of the children of worth,
There, there does it reign, by Jehovah's decree,
In the far distant realms of eternity !

MONODY,

IN TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT SALE.

Oh hark ! while those signals of joy greet the ear,
Can Britons reflect without shedding a tear ?
While those tidings of vict'ry gladden each breast,
Think many a heart will be sad and distrest.
Yet such is man's fate, and he must not repine,
To-day he may flourish, to-morrow decline.
Then while these successes Britannia shall hail,
Let a tribute be paid to the mem'ry of Sale.

All hail to the conqueror ! may he repose
Unmolested beneath the red sod of his foes !
There—there may he slumber for ever at rest,
And meet his reward in the land of the blest.
Peace ! peace to his manes ! and, oh may his name
Be placed 'mong the first in the temple of Fame ;
Let each bosom lament, and with sorrow expand,
For the hero who died in the Orient land.

Though the star of his triumphs hath now indeed set,
Shall Cabool be unmindful, shall Ghuznee forget?
Shall his fame flee away, or last but an hour,
Or sink in the blast like a delicate flow'r?
No—no—until mem'ry shall learn to forget,
To England thy loss will be one of regret.
Then let each shed a tear, and with sorrow deplore
The fate of the hero of Ferozepore.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
MR. STRICKLAND,
THE COMEDIAN,

(Originally Published in the Illustrated News.)

LET fair Thalia weave a wreath of fame,
To grace the shrine that shall record thy name ;
Let her lament with sorrow and with grief,
The fate that crush'd thee as a summer leaf
Destroy'd and blighted by the autumn wind.
And when to dust thy form shall be consign'd,
Let her lament thy sad, untimely fall,
A victim to the common lot of all.

Thy many virtues let her sons revere,
And while they mourn thee, let them shed a tear
O'er one who e'er was bounteous and kind,
Who has not left an enemy behind,

Who e'er can speak in tears of aught dispraise,
Or 'gainst thy name a calumny can raise.
We mourn thy loss, and with regret deplore
We ne'er shall gaze upon thy visage more.

Kind friend, that e'er with sympathetic breast
Relieved the sorrows of the poor distress'd ;
Who ne'er the call of pity could withstand,
But ever lent to want a willing hand ;
Thou hast departed to another sphere,
Where, good and bad, mankind must all appear.
Tho' lost to sight, Thalia 'll place thy name
Within the temple of dramatic fame.

AN ACROSTIC,
ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

F air suppliant, I hasten to comply—
R emember, on thy kindness I rely—
I n this chaste book a trifle to impart,
E re my wild fancies vanish from my heart.
N ame but the theme, and I'll implore my muse,
D eck'd in her charms, to carry out thy views ;
S ay on what subject you would have me prate—
H ush ! I've a thought—I'll seize it ere too late.
I n fact, since on a theme you can't agree,
P ray answer, will you leave the choice to me ?--
S ince you desire it, sir, so let it be.

O f all the bonds that bind affection's tie,
F ew can indeed with social friendship vie ;
F ew can surpass it in sincerity.
E 'en from our youth it doth with manhood spring ,
R emember, 'tis inherent with our birth ;
I n point of excellence, of costly worth,
N o fairer gem adorns our native earth.
G reet this, then, as my FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING !

STANZAS TO LOUISE,

OF

* * * * *

Oh, say to what shall I compare
Thy matchless form of beauty rare,
That glides along from place to place,
In all the charms of sylphide grace ;
Devoid of pride, yet passing fair
As any flow'r of beauty rare ?
That face which e'er is lit with smiles,
That voice whose accents love beguiles,
Those eyes that shed a lustre round,
Those brows which ne'er in anger frown'd,
Those raven locks which add a grace
Unto thy fair and lovely face ;
When all thy charms my eye surveys,
My tongue proves mute to speak thy praise,
And deems thee of celestial birth,
More fit for Heaven than for earth.

SMILE, MARY MY DARLING !

SMILE, Mary my darling ! why, why art thou weeping ?
To leave thee in sadness 'twill grieve my poor heart.
Oh, dry up thy tears, love, time onwards is creeping ;
Ere long both from Erin and thee I must part.
Peace reigns o'er the ocean and o'er the green mount :
The pale moon is shedding her genial light,
While I my devotion will pledge by yon fountain,
To thee, my fair Mary, bright star of the night !

Smile, Mary my darling ! I now must away, love !
Oh banish all sorrow and grief from thine heart ;
The hour is approaching, 'twill brook no delay, love,
Oh list to my prayer ere from thee I must part.
Tho' years flee away, love, in sorrow—in danger,
I'll dwell on thy name—'twill afford me delight.
When far, far away, in the land of the stranger,
I'll think on fair Mary, bright star of the night !

OH HOW CAN I SMILE, LOVE ?

Oh how can I smile, love, when now you are leaving ?

In truth, 'twould be only belying my heart :
Then linger awhile, love, I cannot help grieving ;

'Tis no easy thing for true lovers to part.
When thou shalt be far, far away o'er the waters,
 Oh say, will remembrance e'er call forth a tear ?
When mingling with Albion's fair, lovely daughters,
 Oh say, wilt thou think of thine own Mary dear ?

Oh how can I smile, love, when lonely I wander
 Along the green vales where together we've roved?
The tear it will start, love, whene'er my thoughts
 ponder

On days that have fled, when we fervently loved.
When thou shalt be far, far away o'er the waters,—
 Oh say, will remembrance e'er call forth a tear ?
When mingling with Albion's fair, lovely daughters,
 Oh say, wilt thou think of thine own Mary dear ?

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

(Set to music by Stephen Glover, and published by C. Jeffreys, Soho-square.)

THE pale moon was rising above the green mountain,

The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,

When I stray'd with my love to the pure crystal
fountain

That stands in the green sylvan vale of Tralee.

She was lovely and fair as the fresh rose of morning,

Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me ;

Oh no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning

That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee..

The cool shades of ev'ning their mantle were
spreading,

And Mary, all smiling, was listening to me ;

The moon through the valley her pale rays was
shedding,

When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.

Though lovely and fair as the fresh rose of morning,

Oh 'twas not her beauty alone that won me.

No, no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawning,

That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

OH! I COULD CHIDE HIM NOT.

HE did not say he loved me, for humble was his lot ;
Yes, in his heart I read it, and I could chide him not.
He gazed intently on me, and ne'er shall I forget
His look of heartfelt anguish, that night when last we met ;
Still when I smiled upon him, methought I could descry
A ray of latent pleasure arise within his eye ;
Yet he did not say he loved me, for humble was his lot ;
Yes, in his heart I read it all,—oh I could chide him not !

To other lands he's wander'd,—far, distant far from me,
Leaving but the semblance of a sad reality.
In distant realms he'll linger, too well I know his heart,
Yet ne'er can I forget that look when last he did depart.
It spoke an ardent passion no words can e'er pourtray,
It seem'd to whisper something his lips would fain convey ;
Yet he did not say he loved me, for humble was his lot ;
Yes, in his heart I read it all,—oh I could chide him not !

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not—forget me not, thou fairest of the fair,
But let my name within thy breast be ever trea-
sured there.

Accept my vows of constancy, nor deem them light
or vain ;

Oh, twine them round thy memory until we meet
again.

In foreign climes, in grief, in pain, 'twill ever soothe
my heart,

To think that you those vows retain, tho' we are
far apart.

Forget me not, forget me not, thou fairest of the fair ;
But let my name within thy breast be ever trea-
sured there.

Oh let not time affect thy love, nor change that heart
of thine,

Nor absence wean affection which I fondly prize
as mine.

Tho' angry clouds may veil the sky—upon the future
dwell,

That days of radiant sunshine will ere long those
clouds dispel.

When others shall thy favour seek, the wealthy and
the gay,

In my behalf let mem'ry speak, tho' I am far away.

Forget me not, forget me not, thou fairest of the fair ;
But let my name within thy breast be ever trea-
sured there.

OH WOULD THAT WE NEVER HAD MET !

FORGET thee ? ah never ! while life shall remain,
 'Thy fond image will never depart ;
 Though love's charm is broken, though sever'd in
 twain,

Oh thou still wilt be dear to my heart.
 Adieu, fickle maiden, yet I'll not upbraid thee,
 Thy faults I would rather forget ;
 Too fondly I loved thee, and thou hast betray'd me ;—
 Oh would that we never had met !

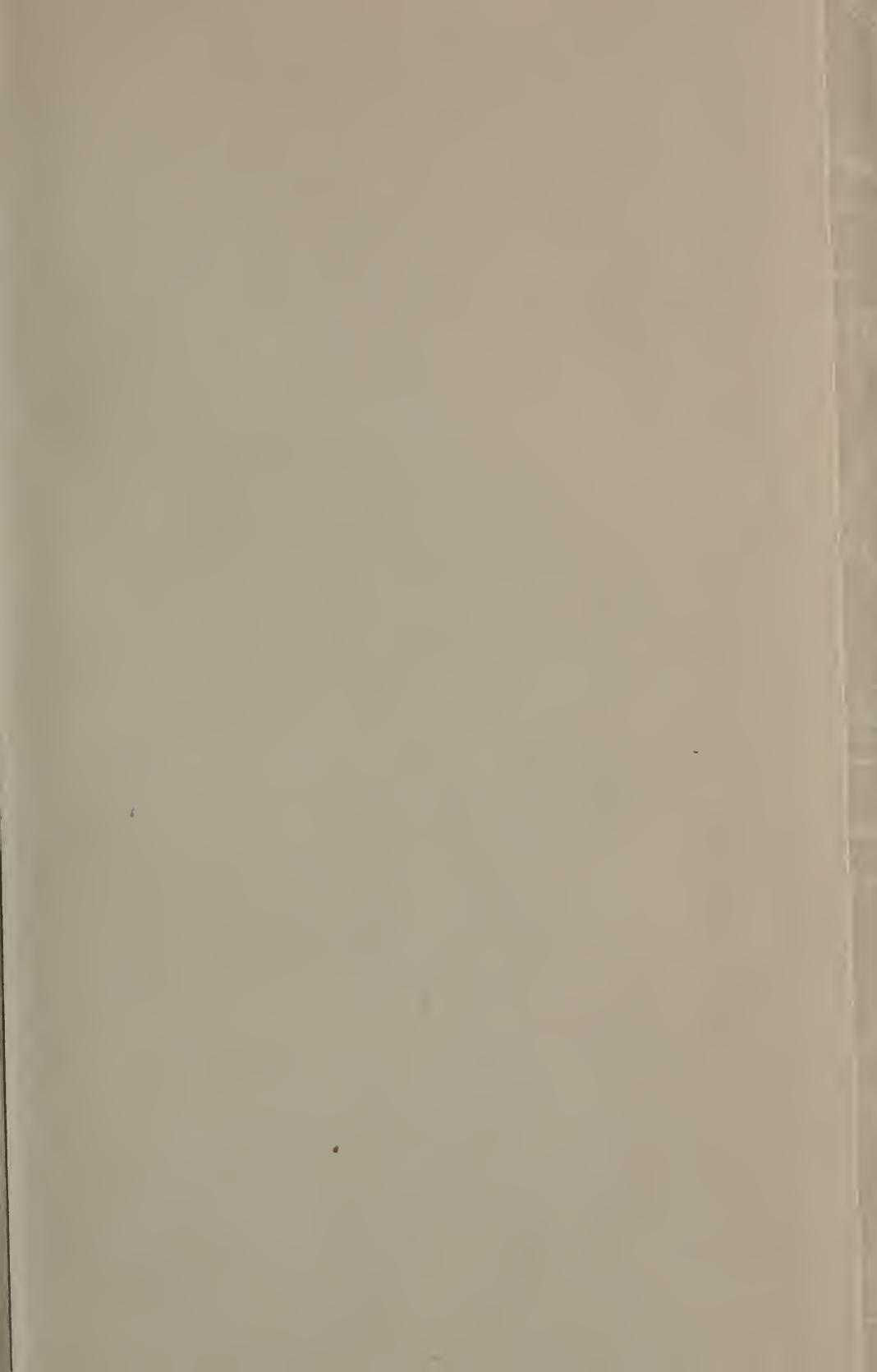
Forget thee ? ah never—thy name is entwined
 Around happier days that have fled,
 In a heart that is true 'twill e'er be enshrined
 Till the living shall rank with the dead.
 Adieu, fickle maiden,—too true I believed thee,
 Nor dream'd thou wouldest ever forget.
 Oh would I'd ne'er loved thee ! since thou hast de-
 ceived me ;—
 Oh would that we never had met !

TO CLARINDA.

THY love is like a summer flow'r,
'Tis scarce worth contemplation,—
It lingers for a single hour,—
Then fades in its probation.

Go, fickle maid, I spurn the heart
That glows with transient passion,—
Go vend it in some other mart,
Take with it my compassion.

F I N I S.



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